SOBER ADVICE

FROM

HORACE,

TO THE

Young GENTLEMEN about Town.

As delivered in his

SECOND SERMON.

Imitated in the Manner of Mr. *POPE*.

Together with the ORIGINAL TEXT, as reſtored by the Rev. *R. BENTLEY*, Doctor of Divinity. And ſome Remarks on the Verſion.

LIKEWISE

Two LETTERS AND EPIGRAMS,

Not inſerted in the late Editions of Mr. POPE's Works.

LONDON:

Printed for T. SEWELL in *Cornhill*. 1755.

SOBER ADVICE

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Reaſon for republiſhing this ſecond Satyre of the firſt Book of *Horace*, with two Letters annexed, is to oblige thoſe Gentlemen who are willing to have the Works of *Alexander Pope*, Eſq; compleat, they being entirely left out in the Editions publiſhed ſince his Death.

TO

ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq;

SIR,

I Have ſo great a Truſt in your Indulgence toward me, as to believe you cannot but patronize this Imitation, ſo much in your own Manner, and whoſe Birth I may truly ſay is owing to you. In that Confidence, I would not ſuppreſs the Criticiſms made upon it by the *Reverend Doctor*; the rather, ſince he has promiſed to *mend the Faults* in the next Edition, with the ſame Goodneſs he has practiſed to *Milton*. I hope you will believe that while I expreſs my Regard for you, it is only out of Modeſty I conceal my Name; ſince, tho' perhaps, I may not profeſs myſelf your Admirer ſo much as ſome others, I cannot but be, with as much inward Reſpect, Good-will, and Zeal as any Man,

Dear SIR,

Your moſt Affectionate

And Faithful Servant.

Q. HORATII FLACCI.

SERMO II. L. I.

TEXTUM *Recenſuit*

V. R. RICHARDUS BENTLEIUS, S. T. P.

AMbubajarum collegia, pharmacopolae,
Mendici, mimae, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Maeſtum ac ſollicitum eſt cantoris morte Tigelli;
Quippe Benignus *erat*——————
——————*Contra hic, ne prodigus eſſe*
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
Frigus quo duramque famen depellere poſſit.
Hunc ſi perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
Praeclaram ingrata ſtringat malus ingluvie rem,
Omnia conductis coemens obſonia nummis:
"Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,"
Reſpondet. laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.
Fuſidius vappae famam timet ac nebulonis,
Dives agris, dives poſitis in fenore nummis.

[NOTÆ BENTLEIANÆ.] *Imitated.* Why Imitated? Why not tranſlated? *Odi Imitatores!* A Metaphraſt had not turned *Tigellus*, and *Fuſidius*, *Malchinus* and *Gargonius* (for I ſay *Malchinus*, not *Malthinus*, and *Gargonius*, not *Gorgonius*) into ſo many LADIES. *Benignus*, *hic*, *hunc*, *&c.* all of the Maſculine Gender: Every School-boy knows more than our Imitator.

Quinat

SOBER ADVICE

From *HORACE.*

Imitated from his

SECOND SERMON.

THE Tribe of Templars, Play'rs, Apothecaries,
Pimps, Poets, Wits, Lord *Fanny*'s, Lady *Mary*'s,
And all the Court in Tears, and half the Town,
Lament dear charming *O——f—ld*, dead and gone!
Engaging *O—f—ld!* who, with Grace and Eaſe,
Could join the Arts, to ruin, and to pleaſe.
Not ſo, who of Ten thouſand gull'd her Knight,
Then ask'd Ten Thouſand for a ſecond Night:
The Gallant too, to whom ſhe pay'd it down,
Liv'd to refuſe that Miſtreſs Half a Crown.
Con Ph l-ps cries, "A ſneaking Dog I hate."
That's all three Lovers have for their Eſtate!
"Treat on, treat on," is her eternal Note,
And Lands and Tenements go down her Throat.
Some damn the jade, and ſome the Cullies blame,
But not Sir *H———t*, for he does the ſame.
With all a Woman's Virtues but the P—x,
Fuſidia thrives in Money, Land, and Stocks:
For Int'reſt, ten *per Cent.* her conſtant rate is:
Her Body? hopeful Heirs may have it *gratis.*

Quinas hic capiti mercedes exſecat; atque
Quanto perditior quiſque eſt, tanto acrius urget.
Nomina ſectatur, modo ſumpta veſte virili,
Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
Juppiter, exclamat, ſimul atque audivit? "At in ſa-
"Pro quaeſtu ſumptum facit hic". Vix credere poſſis
Quam ſibi non ſit amicus: ita ut Pater *ille, Terenti*
Fabula quem miſerum gnato *vixiſſe* fugato
Inducit, non ſe pejus cruciaverit atque hic.
Si quis nunc quaerat, Quo res haec pertinet? Illuc:
Dum vitant ſtulti vitia, in contraria currunt.
Malchinus tunicis demiſſis ambulat: eſt qui
Inguen *ad* obſcaenum *ſubductis uſque facetus:*
Paſtillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.
Nil medium eſt. ſunt qui nolint tetigiſſe, niſi illas,
Quarum ſubſuta talos tegat inſtita veſte:
Contra alius nullam, niſi olente in fornice *ſtantem.*
Quidam notus homo *cum exiret fornice*; "*Macte*
"*Virtute eſto, inquit ſententia dia catonis,*
"*Nam ſimul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,*
"*Huc juvenes aequum eſt deſcendere, non alienas*
"*Permolere uxores.*——
——*Nolim laudarier, inquit,*
Sic me, mirator CUNNI CUPIENNIUS ALBI *.
Audire eſt operae pretium, procedere recte
Qui moechis non voltis, ut omni parte laborent;

* CUNNI CUPIENNIUS ALBI, *Hoary Shrine.* Here the Imitator grievouſly errs, *Cunnus albus* by no means ſignifying a *white* or *grey Thing*, but a Thing under a *white* or *grey Garment*, which thing may be either black, brown, red, or parti-coloured. BENT.

Utque

She turns her very Sister to a Job,
And, in the Happy Minute, picks your Fob:
Yet starves herself, so little her own Friend,
And thirsts and hungers only at one End:
A Self-Tormentor, worse than (in the * Play)
The Wretch, whose Av'rice drove his *Son* away.
But why all this? Beloved, 'tis my Theme:
"Women and Fools are always in extreme-"
Rufa's at either end a common-shore,
Sweet *Moll* and *Jack* are Civet-Cat and Boar:
Nothing in Nature is so lewd as *Peg*,
Yet, for the World, she would not shew her Leg!
While bashful *Jenny*, ev'n at Morning-Prayer,
‡ Spreads her Fore Buttocks to the Navel bare.
But diff'rent Taste in diff'rent Men prevails,
And one is fired by Heads, and one by Tails;
Some feel no Flames but at the *Court* or *Ball*,
And others hunt white Aprons in the *Mall*.
My Lord of *Lo——n*, chancing to remark
A *noted Dean* much busy'd in the Park,
"Proceed (he cry'd) proceed, my Reverend Brother,
"'Tis *Fornicatio simplex*, and no other:
"Better than lust for Boys, with *Pope* and *Turk*,
"Or others Spouses, like ‖ my Lord of ——
May no such praise (cries *J——s*) e'er be mine!
J——s, who bows at *Hi——sh——w's hoary Shrine*.
All you, who think the *City* ne'er can thrive,
Till ev'ry Cuckold-maker's flea'd alive;

* *See* My *Terence*, *Heautontimorumenos*: There is nothing in Dr. *Hare*'s. BENT.

‡ A Verse taken from Mr. *Pope*.

‖ Others read *Lord Mayor*.

Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
Atque haec rara, cadat dura inter saepe pericla.
Hic se praecipitem tecto dedit: ille flagellis
Ad mortem caesus: fugiens hic decidit acrem
Praedonum in turbam: dedit hic pro corpore nummos:
Hunc perminxerunt calones; quin etiam illud
Accidit, ut * *cuidam* TESTIS, CAUDAMQUE SALACEM
Demeterent ferro jure omnes. Galba negabat.

Tutior at quanto merx est in classe secunda!
Libertinarum dico: Sallustius in qua
Non minus insanit, quam qui moechatur. at hic si,
Qua res, qua ratio suaderet, quoque modeste
Munifico esse licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
Esse; daret quantum satis esset, nec sibi damno
Dedecorique foret. verum hoc se amplectitur uno.
Hoc amat & laudat: Matronam nullam ego tango.

Ut quondam Marsatus amator Originis, ille
Qui patrium mimae donat subdumque laremque,
Nil fuerit mi, inquit, cum uxoribus umquam alienis.
Verum est tum mimis, est cum meretricibus: unde
Fama malum gravius, quam res, trahit. at tibi abunde
Personam satis est, non illud, quicquid ubique
Officit, evitare? bonam deperdere famam,

* —TESTIS CAUDAMQUE SALACEM *Demeterent ferro* (for so I say, and not *Demeteret* ferrum) *Bleeds in Person.* Silly! was he let blood by a Surgeon? how short is this of the Amputation of the *Testes* and *Cauda salax*? What Ignorance also of Ancient Learning appears in his shallow Translation of *Perminxerunt*, totally missing the Mark, and not entering into the deep Meaning of the Author.

Rem

Attend, while I their Miſeries explain,
And pity Men of Pleaſure ſtill in Pain!
Survey the Pangs they bear, the Riſques they run,
Where the moſt lucky are but laſt undone.
See wretched *Monſieur* flies to ſave his Throat,
And quits his Miſtreſs, Money, Ring, and Note!
K——— of his Footman's borrow'd Livery ſtript,
By worthier Footmen piſt upon and whipt!
Plunder'd by Thieves, or Lawyers which is worſe,
One bleeds in Perſon, and one bleeds in Purſe;
This meets a Blanket, and that meets a Cudgel ——
And all applaud the Juſtice —— All, but * *B*——*l*.

How much more ſafe, dear Countrymen! his State,
Who trades in Frigates of the ſecond Rate?
And yet ſome Care of *S*——*ſ* ſhould be had,
Nothing ſo mean for which he can't run mad;
His Wit confirms him but a Slave the more,
And makes a Princeſs whom he found a Whore.
The Youth might ſave much Trouble and Expence,
Were he a Dupe of only common Senſe.
But here's his point; A Wench (he cries) for me!
"I never touch a Dame of Quality."

To *P*—*i*—*r*'s Bed no Actreſs comes amiſs,
He courts the whole *Perſonæ Dramatis*:
He too can ſay, "With Wives I never ſin."
But Singing-girls and Mimicks draw him in.
Sure, worthy Sir, the Diff'rence is not great,
With *whom* you loſe your Credit and Eſtate?

This

* A Gentleman as celebrated for his Gallantries as his Politicks; an entertaining Hiſtory of which may be publiſhed, without the leaſt Scandal on the Ladies. E. CURL.

Rem patris oblimare, malum eſt ubicumque. quid inter
Eſt in matrona, ancillæ, peccesne togata?

Villius in Fauſta Sullae gener, hoc miſer uno
Nomine deceptus, poenas dedit uſque, ſuperque
Quam ſatis eſt: pugnis caeſus, ferroque petitus, ——
Excluſus fore, cum Longarenus foret intus.

Huic ſi, mutonis verbis, mala tanta videnti
Diceret haec animus: Quid vis tibi? numquid ego a te
Magna prognatum depoſco conſule * CUNNUM,
Velatumque ſtola, mea cum conſerbuit ira?
Quid reſponderet? Magno patre nata puella eſt.

At quanto meliora monet, pugnantiaque iſtis
Dives opis natura ſuae! ut ſi modo recte
Diſpenſare velis, ac non fugienda petendis
Iamiſcere.

* Magno prognatum depoſco conſule *cunnum.*
A Thing deſcended from the Conqueror.
A Thing deſcended —— *why* Thing? *the Poet has it* Cunnum; *which, therefore, boldly place here.* BENT.

—— *Tuo*

This, or that Perſon, what avails to ſhun?
What's wrong is wrong, wherever it be done:
The Eaſe, Support, and Luſtre of your Life,
Deſtroy'd alike with Strumpet, Maid, or Wife.
What puſh'd poor *Ellis* on th' Imperial Whore?
'Twas but to be where CHARLES had been before.
The fatal Steel unjuſtly was apply'd,
When not his Luſt offended, but his Pride:
Too hard a Penance for defeated Sin,
Himſelf ſhut out, and *Jacob Hall* let in.
Suppoſe that honeſt Part that rules us all,
Should riſe, and ſay —— "Sir *Robert!* or Sir *Paul!*
"Did I demand, in my moſt vig'rous Hour,
"A Thing deſcended from the Conqueror?
"Or when my Pulſe beat higheſt, ask for any
"Such Nicety, as Lady or Lord *Fanny?* ——
What would you anſwer? Could you have the Face,
When the poor Suff'rer humbly mourn'd his Caſe,
To cry, "You weep the Favours of her * GRACE?
Hath not indulgent Nature ſpread a Feaſt,
† And giv'n enough for Man, enough for Beaſt?
But Man corrupt, perverſe in all his Ways,
In ſearch of Vanities from Nature ſtrays:
Yea, tho' the Bleſſing's more than he can uſe,
Shuns the permitted, the forbid purſues!

Weigh

* Spoken not of one particular Dutcheſs, but of diverſe Dutcheſſes.

† The original Manuſcript has it,

——— *Spread a Feaſt*
Of —— *enough for Man, enough for Beaſt:*

but we prefer the preſent, as the purer Diction.

——Tuo vitio, rerumne labores,
Nil referre putas? quare, ne poeniteat te,
Define matronas sectarier: unde laboris
Plus haurire mali est, quam ex re decerpere fructus.
Nec magis huic, inter niveos viridisque lapillos
Sit licet, o Cerinthe, tuo tenerum est femur, aut crus
Rectius: atque etiam melius persaepe togatae est.
Adde huc, quod mercem sine fucis gestat; aperte
Quod venale habet, ostendit; neque si quid honesti est
Jactat habetque palam, quaerit quo turpia celet.
Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur; opertos
Inspiciunt: ne si facies, ut saepe, decora
Molli fulta pede est; emtorem ducat hiantem,
Quod pulchrae clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix,
Hoc illi recte. Tu corporis optima Lyncei
Contemplare oculis; Hypsaea caecior, illa
Quae mala sunt, spectas. O crus, o brachia! verum
Depugis, nasuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo est.

Matronae, praeter faciem, nil cernere possis;
Caetera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.
Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te
Hoc facit insanum) multae tibi tum officient res;
Custodes, lectica, cinisones, parasitae;
Ad talos stola demissa, & circumdata palla:
Plurima, quae invideant pure adparere tibi rem.
Altera nil obstat: Cois tibi pene videre est
Ut nudam: ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi:

Metire

Weigh well the Cauſe from whence theſe Evils ſpring,
'Tis in thyſelf, and not in God's good Thing:
Then, leſt Repentance puniſh ſuch a Life,
Never, ah, never! kiſs thy Neighbour's Wife.

Firſt, Silks and Diamonds veil no finer Shape,
Or plumper Thigh, than lurk in humble Crape:
And *ſecondly*, how innocent a *Belle*
Is ſhe who ſhews what Ware ſhe has to ſell;
Not Lady-like, diſplays a Milk-white Breaſt,
And hides in ſacred Sluttiſhneſs the reſt.

Our ancient Kings (and ſure thoſe Kings were wiſe,
Who judg'd themſelves, and ſaw with their own Eyes)
A War horſe never for the Service choſe,
But ey'd him round, and ſtript off all the Cloaths;
For well they knew, proud Trappings ſerve to hide
A heavy Cheſt, thick Neck, or heaving Side.
But Fools are ready Chaps, agog to buy,
Let but a comely Fore-hand ſtrike the Eye:
No Eagle ſharper, ev'ry Charm to find,
To all Defects, *Ty——y* not ſo blind:
Gooſe-rump'd, Hawk-nos'd, Swan-footed, is my Dear?
They'll praiſe her *Elbow*, *Heel*, or *Tip o'th' Ear*.

A Lady's Face is all you ſee undreſs'd;
(For none but Lady M—— ſhew'd the reſt)
But if to Charms more latent you pretend,
What Lines encompaſs, and what Works defend!
Dangers on Dangers? Obſtacles by Dozens!
Spies, Guardians, Gueſts, old Women, Aunts, and Couſins!
Could you directly to her Perſon go,
Stays will obſtruct above, and Hoops below,
And if the Dame ſays yes, the Dreſs ſays no.

Metiri poſſis oculo latus. an tibi mavis
Inſidias fieri, pretiumque avellier ante
Quam mercem oſtendi?
——LEPOREM *venator ut alta*
In nive ſectetur, poſitum ſic tangere nolit:
Cantat, & adponit, MEUS *eſt amor huic ſimilis: nam*
Tranſvolat in medio poſita, & fugientia captat.
Hiſcine verſiculis ſperas tibi poſſe dolores,
Atque aeſtus, curaſque gravis e pectore tolli?
Nonne, cupidinibus ſtatuat natura modum quem,
Quid latura, ſibi quid ſit dolitura negatum,
Quaerere plus prodeſt; & inane abſcindere ſoldo?
Num, tibi cum faucis urit ſitis, aurea quaeris
Pocula? num eſuriens faſtidis omnia praeter
* *Pavonem, rhombumque? tument tibi cum inguina, num, ſi*
Ancilla aut verna eſt praeſto puer, impetus in quem
Continuo fiat, malis tentigine rumpi?
Non ego: namque parabilem amo venerem, facilemque.
ILLAM, *Poſt paullo, Sed pluris, Si exierit vir,*
Gallis: Hanc, Philodemus ait ſibi, quae neque magno
Stet pretio; nec cunctetur, cum eſt juſſa venire.

* PAVONEM, Pea-Chicks] *Not ill render'd, meaning a* young *or* ſoft Piece, *Anglice* a Tid-bit: *ſuch as that Delicate Youth* Cerinthus, *whoſe Fleſh, our* Horace *expreſsly ſays, was as* tender as a Lady's, *and our Imitator turn'd*

Such Nicety, as Lady or Lord F——

not amiſs truly; it agrees with My own reading of tuo femore, *inſtead of* tuum femur, *and ſavours of the true taſte of antiquity.* BENT.

Candida

Not thus at *N——db——m's*; your judicious Eye
May meaſure there the Breaſt, the Hip, the Thigh!
And will you run to Perils, Sword, and Law,
All for a Thing you ne'er ſo much as *ſaw?*
" The Hare once ſeiz'd, the Hunter needs no more
" The little Scut he ſo purſu'd before,
" Love follows flying Game (as *Sucklyn* ſings)
" And 'tis for that the wanton Boy has Wings."
Why let him ſing — but when you're in the Wrong,
Think you to cure the Miſchief with a Song?
Has Nature ſet no Bounds to wild Deſire?
No Senſe to guide, no Reaſon to enquire,
What ſolid Happineſs, what empty Pride?
And what is beſt indulg'd, or beſt deny'd?
If neither Gems adorn, nor Silver tip
The flowing Bowl, will you not wet your Lip?
When ſharp with Hunger, ſcorn you to be fed,
Except on *Pea-Chicks*, at the *Bedford-Head?*
Or, when a tight, neat Girl, will ſerve the Turn,
In errant Pride continue ſtiff, and burn?
I'm a plain Man, whoſe Maxim is profeſt,
" The Thing at hand is of all Things the *beſt*."
But Her who will, and then will not comply,
Whoſe Word is *If*, *Perhaps*, and *By-and-by*,
Z——ds! let ſome Eunuch or Platonic take ——
So *B——t* cries, Philoſopher and Rake!
Who asks no more (right reaſonable Peer)
Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear.
Give me a willing Nymph! 'tis all I care,
Extremely clean, and tolerably fair,
Her Shape her own, whatever Shape ſhe have,
And juſt that White and Red which Nature gave.

Her

Candida rectaque sit; munda hactenus, ut neque longa,
Nec magis alba velit, quam det natura, videri.
Haec, ubi suppositi dextro corpus mihi laevum,
Ilia & Egeria est: do nomen quodlibet illi.
Nec vereor, ne, dum futuo, *vir rure recurrat:*
Janua frangatur: latret canis; undique magno
Pulsa domus strepitu resonet: ne pallida lecto
Desiliat mulier; miseram se conscia clamet;
Cruribus haec metuat, doti haec deprensa, egomet mi.
Discincta tunica fugienda est, ac pede nudo;
Ne nummi pereant, aut pyga, aut denique fama.
Deprendi miserum est: Fabio vel judice vincam.

Her I tranſported touch, tranſported view,
And call her *Angel! Goddeſs! M——ue!*
No furious Husband thunders at the Door;
No barking Dog, no Houſhold in a Roar;
From gleaming Swords no ſhrieking Women run;
No wretched Wife cries out, *Undone! Undone!*
Seiz'd in the Fact, and in her Cuckold's Pow'r,
She kneels, ſhe weeps, and worſe! reſigns her Dow'r.
Me, naked me, to Poſts, to Pumps they draw,
To Shame eternal, or eternal Law.
Oh Love! be deep Tranquility my Luck! *
No Miſtreſs *H——yſh——m* near, no Lady *B——ck!*
For, to be taken, is the Dev'l in Hell;
This Truth, let *L——l, J——ys, O——w* tell.

* Here the Imitator errs. The *Latin* has it *dum futuo*, a moſt neceſſary Circumſtance! which ought to be *reſtored*; and may, by the Change of a ſingle *Word*, be the *ſame* with that of the Author, and one which would marvelouſly agree with the Ladies in the ſecond Line. BENT.

LETTER IV.

To a Lady, in the Name of her Brother.

IF you have not a chaſte Ear, and a pure Heart, do not peruſe this Letter; for as *Jeremy Taylor* ſays, in his *Holy Living and Dying*, the firſt thing a Virgin ought to endeavour, is to be ignorant of the *Diſtinction* of *Sexes*.

It is in the Confidence I have, that you are thus innocent, that I endeavour to gratify your Curioſity, in a Point which I am ſenſible none but a Brother could do with Decency.

I ſhall entertain you with the moſt reigning Curioſity in the Town, I mean a Perſon who is equally the Toaſt of Gentlemen and Ladies, and is at preſent more univerſally admired than any of either Sex: You know few Proficients have a greater Genius for Monſters than myſelf; but I never taſted a Monſter to that Degree I have done this Creature: It was not, like other Monſters, produced in the Deſerts of *Arabia*, nor come from the Country of the *Great Mogul*, but is the Production of the Joint-endeavours of a *Kentiſh* Parſon and his Spouſe, who intended, in the Singleneſs of Heart, to have begot a Chriſtian but of one Sex, and Providence has ſent them one of two.

There are various Opinions concerning the Creature about Town; Mr. *Cromwell* obſerves, that the Age is very licentious, and the preſent Reign very lewd and corrupt, in permitting a Lady, *by Authority*, (as appears by the printed Bills) to expoſe her perſonal Curioſities for a Shilling.

Mr.

Mr. *P.* looks upon it as a Prodigy portending ſome great Revolution in the State: To ſtrengthen which Opinion, he produces the following Prophecy of *Noſtradamus*, which he explains politically.

When as two Sexes join'd in one,
Shall in the Realm of Brute *be ſhewn;*
Then Factions ſhall unite, if I know,
To chooſe a Prince Jure Divino.
This Prodigy of common Gender,
Is neither Sex, but a Pretender,
So the Lord ſhield the Faith's Defender.

Mrs. *N*——— admires what People wonder at ſo much, and ſays ſhe is juſt ſo herſelf: the Dutcheſs of *S*——— is of the ſame Opinion.

Among theſe various Conjectures, that I might be informed of the Truth, I took along with me a Phyſician and a Divine; the one to inſpect the State of its Body, the other to examine that of its Mind: The Perſons I made choice of, were the ingenious Dr. *P*——— and the Reverend Mr. ——. We were no ſooner in the Room, but the Party came to us, dreſs'd in that Habit in which the Ladies affect an Hermophroditical Imitation of Men ——— Your ſharp Wit, my dear Siſter, will immediately conclude that I mean a Riding-Habit.

I think it not material to inform you, whether the Doctor, the Divine, or myſelf looked firſt. The Prieſt you will maliciouſly fancy was in his Nature moſt an Infidel, and doubted moſt of this Miracle: We therefore propoſed to him to take the ſureſt Method of believing, ſeeing, and feeling: He complied with both Admonitions; and having taken a large Pinch of Snuff upon it, adviſed us with a Nod, that we ſhould by no

means regard it as a Female, but as a Male; for by ſo doing, we ſhould be guilty of leſs Sinfulneſs.

The Doctor, upon Inſpection, differed from this Opinion; he would by no means allow it a Miracle, or at moſt a natural one: He ſaid, upon the whole, it was a Woman; that whatever might give a Handle to think otherwiſe, was a Trifle, nothing being more common than for a Child to be marked with that thing which the Mother longed for.

As for this Party's Temper of Mind, it appears to be a moſt even Diſpoſition, partaking of the good Qualities of both Sexes; for ſhe is neither ſo inacceſſible as other Ladies, nor is he ſo impudent as other Gentlemen: Of how obliging and complaiſant a Turn appears by this, that he tells the Ladies he has the Inclinations of a Gentleman, and that ſhe tells the Gentlemen ſhe has the *Tendre* of a Lady. As a further Proof of this affable Diſpoſition, he formerly received Viſits of the fair Sex in their Maſques, till an impertinent Fellow in a female Diſguiſe mingled with a Party of Ladies, and impudently overheard their improving Speculations.

Notwithſtanding this, ſhe civilly promiſed at my Requeſt, that my two Siſters ſhould be admitted privately, whenever you wou'd do her the Honour of your Conſideration.

How agreeable ſoever this Sight has been to me, I aſſure you it cannot be ſo pleaſing as the Sight of you in Town, and whatever you may ſee in the Country, I dare affirm, no Man or Woman can ſhew you the like.

I therefore earneſtly deſire you to make haſte to this Place; for tho' indeed like moſt other Brothers, I ſhould be ſorry you were married at my Expence, yet

I would by no Means, like them, detain you in the Country from your Admirers; for, you may believe me, no Brother in the World ever lov'd a Sister as I do you.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER IX.

I Will not deſcribe *Bl*——— in particular, not to foreſtal your Expectations before you ſee it: Only take a ſhort Account, which, I will hazard my little Credit, is no unjuſt one. I never ſaw ſo great a thing with ſo much Littleneſs in it: I think the Architect built it entirely in Complaiſance to the Taſte of its Owners: For it is the moſt inhoſpitable thing imaginable, and the moſt ſelfiſh: It has, like their own Hearts, no room for Strangers, and no Reception for any Perſon of ſuperior Quality to themſelves. There are but juſt two Apartments, for the Maſter and Miſtreſs, below; and but two Apartments above, (very much inferior to them) in the whole Houſe. When you look upon the Outſide, you'd think it large enough for a Prince; when you ſee the Inſide, it is too little for a Subject; and has not Conveniency to lodge a common Family. It is a Houſe of Entries and Paſſages; among which there are three Viſta's thro' the whole, very uſeleſsly handſome. There is what might have been a fine Gallery, but ſpoil'd by two Arches towards the End of it, which take away the Sight of ſeveral of the Windows. There are two ordinary Staircaſes inſtead of one great one. The beſt Things, within the Houſe, are the Hall, which is indeed noble and well proportioned; and the Cellars and Offices underground, which are the moſt commodious, and the beſt contrived of the whole. At the Top of the Building

are

are ſeveral Cupola's and little Turrets that have but an ill Effect, and make the Building look at once finical and heavy. What ſeems of the beſt Taſte, is that Front towards the Gardens, which is not yet loaded with theſe Turrets. The two Sides of the Building are entirely ſpoiled by two monſtrous Bow-windows, which ſtand juſt in the middle, inſtead of Doors: And as if it were fatal, that ſome trifling Littleneſs ſhould every where deſtroy the Grandeur, there are in the chief Front two Semi-circles of a lower Structure than the reſt, that cut off the Angles, and look as if they were purpoſely deſigned to hide a loftier and nobler Piece of Building, the Top of which appears above them. In a Word, the whole is a moſt expenſive Abſurdity; and the Duke of *Shrewsbury* gave a true Character of it, when he ſaid, it was a great *Quarry of Stones above Ground.*

We paid a viſit to the Spring, where *Roſamond* bathed herſelf; on a Hill where remains only a Piece of a Wall of the old Palace of *Henry* II. We toaſted her Shade in the cold Water, not without a Thought or two, ſcarce ſo cold as the Liquor we drank it in. I dare not tell you what they were, and ſo haſten to conclude,

Your, &c.

EPI-

EPIGRAM.

On one who made long Epitaphs.

Friend! for your Epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where ſtill ſo much is ſaid;
One Half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

EPIGRAM.

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog, which I gave to his Royal Highneſs.

I am his Highneſs' Dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whoſe Dog are you?

FINIS.